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MYSTERY IN SPACE

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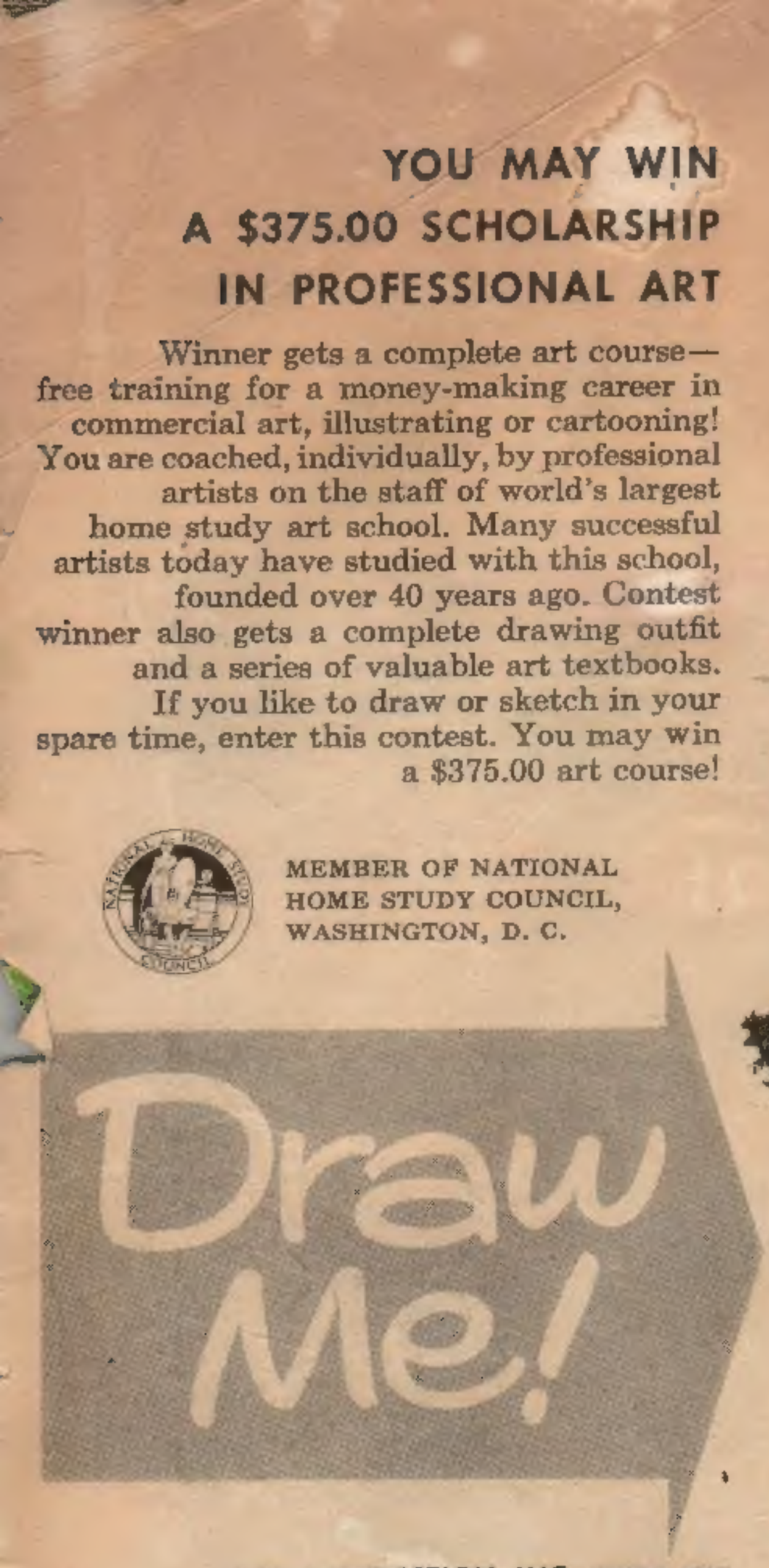

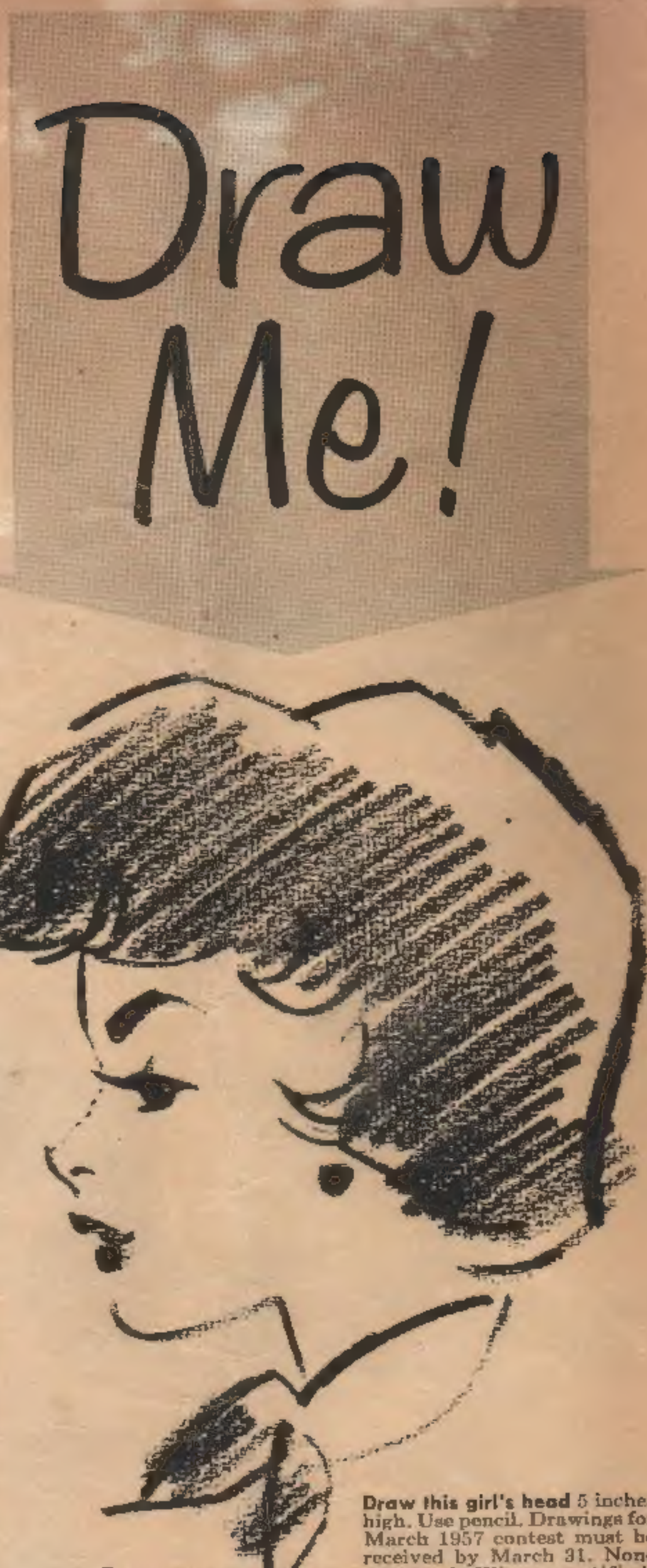

Draw this girl's head 5 inches high. Use pencil. Drawings for March 1957 contest must be received by March 31. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing today!

USE 1 COUPON then pass this page on to a friend.

3

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(PLEASE PRINT)

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SECRET OF THE MASKED MARTIANS!

WHEN THE FIRST EARTHMEN LANDED ON MARS, THEY WERE PREPARED TO COPE WITH ANY SURPRISES THEY MIGHT MEET--*EXCEPT* BEING GREETED BY MARTIANS WEARING AN EARTHMAN MASK OVER THEIR FACES! WHAT INSCRUTABLE SECRET WERE THE MARTIANS CONCEALING?

AT LAST THE MARTIANS ARE STARTING TO TAKE OFF THEIR MASKS!

YOU WILL WISH YOU HAD NEVER SEEN OUR FACES, EARTHLINGS! *BEHOLD!*

MYSTERY IN SPACE, No. 37, April-May, 1957. Published bi-monthly by NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC., 2nd and Dickey Streets, SPARTA, ILL. Editorial, Executive offices and Subscriptions, 480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER at the post office at Sparta, Ill. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, $1.50 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. ©1957 by National Comics Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Except for those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U.S.A.

MYSTERY IN SPACE

IN 1971, A LONE *COLUMBUS OF SPACE* SETS OFF ON THE FIRST TRAIL-BLAZING TRIP TO THE PLANET MARS...

LIEUTENANT JACK GORDON TO EARTH! I'M READY TO LAND ON MARS, BUT MY ROCKETS ARE MIS-FIRING! STAND BY...

ALL EARTH *ANXIOUSLY* WAITS TO HEAR THE NEXT REPORT, BUT WHEN IT COMES, HEARTS FREEZE!

SOS! GORDON CALLING... GASP!... I'M GOING TO CRASH ON MARS... IN *SYRTIS MAJOR* AREA... SEND HELP!

NOTIFY THE MOON BASE TO SEND A RESCUE SHIP!

SOON, AT THE LUNAR STATION, CAPTAIN BARTON PICKS HIS RESCUE CREW...

I NEED THE THREE BEST MEN IN PERFECT PHYSICAL CONDITION FOR THIS HAZARDOUS TRIP! BLAKE! TODD! NOW ONE MORE...

TAKE ME, SIR! JACK GORDON IS MY BEST FRIEND! LET ME HELP RESCUE HIM!

BUT YOU WEAR CONTACT LENSES, WILSON! THERE'S NO TELLING HOW THEY MIGHT HANDICAP YOU ON MARS... WELL, SINCE GORDON IS YOUR PAL... ALL RIGHT!

THANK YOU, SIR! YOU WON'T REGRET YOUR DECISION!

BARTON ALMOST DOES LATER IN SPACE, WHEN IT IS WALT WILSON'S TURN AT THE *METEORSCOPE*...

METEOR COMING, SIR! 15 DEGREES LEFT... NO, I MEAN 18 DEGREES... I CAN'T BE SURE...

GREAT SOL! WHEN DID YOU LAST HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED, WILSON?

THEY MISS THE METEOR BY SHEER LUCK.''

YOU ALMOST CRACKED US UP, WILSON! YOU'RE RELIEVED OF FURTHER DUTY!

I... I'M A HANDICAP AFTER ALL!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

BUT THERE IS NO FURTHER MISHAP AND UPON REACHING MARS, THE RESCUE SHIP CRUISES OVER *SYRTIS MAJOR*...

NO SIGN OF THE WRECK! BUT LOOK... A HABITATION! THEN MARS *IS* INHABITED! WE'LL LAND AND INQUIRE ABOUT GORDON!

STEPPING OUT ON THE RED DUST OF MARS, THE TWO EARTHMEN MEET AN ASTOUNDING SIGHT...

LOOK... THE MARTIANS ARE ALL WEARING IDENTICAL MASKS!

AND OF... OF *JACK GORDON'S FACE!* WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

BEFORE THEY EMERGE, CAPTAIN BARTON FOLLOWS ROUTINE CAUTION...

WE DON'T KNOW IF THE MARTIANS ARE HOSTILE OR NOT! TWO REMAIN ON GUARD, WHILE BLAKE AND I GO OUT! MARTIAN AIR IS TOO THIN TO BREATHE! WE'LL USE THE NASAL OXYGEN CAPSULES!

ATTEMPTS AT COMMUNICATION FAIL, LEAVING THE RIDDLE UNSOLVED!

THEY IGNORE OUR TELEPATHIC RADIATIONS! ANYWAY, THEY'RE NOT HOSTILE! IT'S SAFE TO CALL THE OTHER TWO OUT! PERHAPS THEY CAN HELP US CRACK THIS MAD RIDDLE!

MAYBE THEY THINK THEIR FACES ARE TOO *ALIEN* FOR US TO LOOK AT!

BUT THEN *ANY* MASKS WOULD DO! WHY THE MASK OF AN *EARTHMAN?* IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

BUT THE MARTIANS' MASKS MAKE MORE SENSE THEN THE EARTHMEN REALIZE--FOR THEY ARE PART OF AN INSIDIOUS PLAN...

NO MORE EARTHLINGS INSIDE.' NOW WE CAN UNMASK AND CAPTURE THEM.'

LOOK AT US, EARTHMEN-- AND BECOME OUR PRISONERS.'

THREE-EYED MARTIANS.' WH- WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

FROM THE FOREHEAD EYES OF THE MARTIANS, AN UNCANNY FORCE PENETRATES INTO THE EYES OF THE EARTHMEN, INTO THEIR BRAINS.'

CAN'T MOVE... THEY PARALYZED US... LIKE THE OLD LEGEND OF THE "EVIL EYE".'...

OUR **STARE** PARALYZES YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM.' YOU ARE ALIVE BUT HELPLESS TO MOVE.' WE TRICKED YOU, AS WE PLANNED.'

WE ARE THE LAST OF THE MARTIANS.' BUT WITHOUT METALS, WE COULD NOT BUILD SPACESHIPS AND ESCAPE OUR DYING WORLD.' WE THOUGHT WE FOUND A WAY OUT WHEN THE FIRST EARTHSHIP ARRIVED... UNTIL IT CRASHED.'

JACK GORDON.' THEY PETRIFIED HIM TOO, THEN COPIED HIS FACE FOR THEIR MASKS.'

UNABLE TO REPAIR HIS SHIP, WE FIRST LET HIM SEND THE **SOS** TO EARTH, BRINGING **ANOTHER** SHIP INTO OUR HANDS.'

MYSTERY IN SPACE

BUT OUR *STARE* IS UNABLE TO PENETRATE METAL, GLASS, OR ANY SOLID MATTER! THUS, WE DEVISED THE MYSTIFYING MASKS TO AROUSE YOUR CURIOSITY AND *LURE* ALL OF YOU OUT OF YOUR SHIP TO CAPTURE YOU SIMULTANEOUSLY!

FIVE PARALYZED MEN CAN ONLY WATCH AS THE RUTHLESS MARTIANS TAKE OFF!

THE PARALYSIS WILL LAST 50 MARTIAN HOURS BEFORE IT WEARS OFF! BY THEN WE WILL BE ON OUR WAY TO EARTH IN YOUR UNDAMAGED SHIP! AFTER WE DESTROY LIFE ON EARTH BY POISONING THE ATMOSPHERE, WE'LL LAND AND HAVE THE PLANET FOR OURSELVES!

BUT WHAT'S THIS? IS ONE MAN *MOVING*? HOW HAS HE ESCAPED THE MARTIANS' *STARE*?

EARTH DOOMED... AND WE'RE HELPLESS TO STOP THEM! NONE OF US CAN MOVE AN INCH!...

NOW I... I CAN *"COME TO LIFE"!* I WAS IMMUNE TO THEIR *"EVIL EYE"!* BUT I HAD TO PRETEND I WAS *STRICKEN* TOO... OR THE MARTIANS WOULD HAVE OVERPOWERED ME!

IN THE CAPTURED SHIP, THE MARTIANS STREAK TOWARD EARTH...

QUICKLY, WILSON USES GORDON'S RADIO TO WARN EARTH!

...THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY! STOP THE MARTIANS BEFORE THEY POISON EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE!

DID I GET THROUGH? WHAT IF... IF SPACE STATIC STOPPED MY MESSAGE?

WHEN THE GAS TANKS DROP THROUGH THEIR ATMOSPHERE, IT WILL POISON IT! EVENTUALLY, THE POISON GAS WILL SEEP OFF INTO SPACE, LEAVING A LIFELESS EARTH FOR US TO TAKE OVER!

Zzz...

E

MYSTERY IN SPACE

THEN, ONLY 500 MILES FROM EARTH, AN ARMED SPACE SATELLITE INTERCEPTS THE ENEMY!

THAT WARNING GUN-FIRE WILL MAKE THEM STOP!

THEY WILL BLAST US! WE... WE MUST SURRENDER!

AS THE EARTH PATROL PREPARES TO BOARD THE SURRENDERED SHIP...

REMEMBER WILSON'S WARNING ABOUT THEIR *EVIL EYE!* DON'T LET THEM CATCH YOUR EYE! WE'LL KEEP THEM IN THE SHIP TILL WE CAN COVER THEIR FACES WITH IMMOVABLE METAL MASKS, THROUGH WHICH THEIR *STARE* WON'T PENETRATE!

MEANWHILE, ON MARS, AS THE OTHER MEN EMERGE FROM PARALYSIS, WALT WILSON EXPLAINS HIS AMAZING IMMUNITY!

THEIR PARALYZING STARE NEVER GOT TO MY EYES--IT WAS BECAUSE--

--YOU WEAR *CONTACT LENSES!* THE MARTIANS SAID THEIR STARE COULDN'T PENETRATE *GLASS!*

WE CAN REPAIR GORDON'S SHIP AND MAKE IT BACK TO EARTH! LUCKY WE HAD YOU ALONG, WILSON! YOU--AND YOUR HANDICAP--SAVED EARTH!

IMAGINE THAT!

LATER, IN A SPACE-SATELLITE PRISON, 1000 MILES ABOVE EARTH...

THE MARTIANS WILL BE KEPT ISOLATED HERE AS LONG AS THEY LIVE! FOR SAVING EARTH, WILSON, WE MODELED THEIR PERMANENT MASKS IN YOUR HONOR!

IT... IT'S *MY FACE!*

IRONIC JUSTICE, EH? EVERYTIME THOSE MARTIANS LOOK AT EACH OTHER THEY'LL HAVE A GRIM REMINDER OF THE *FACE* THAT WRECKED THEIR PLANS TO TAKE OVER EARTH!

THE END

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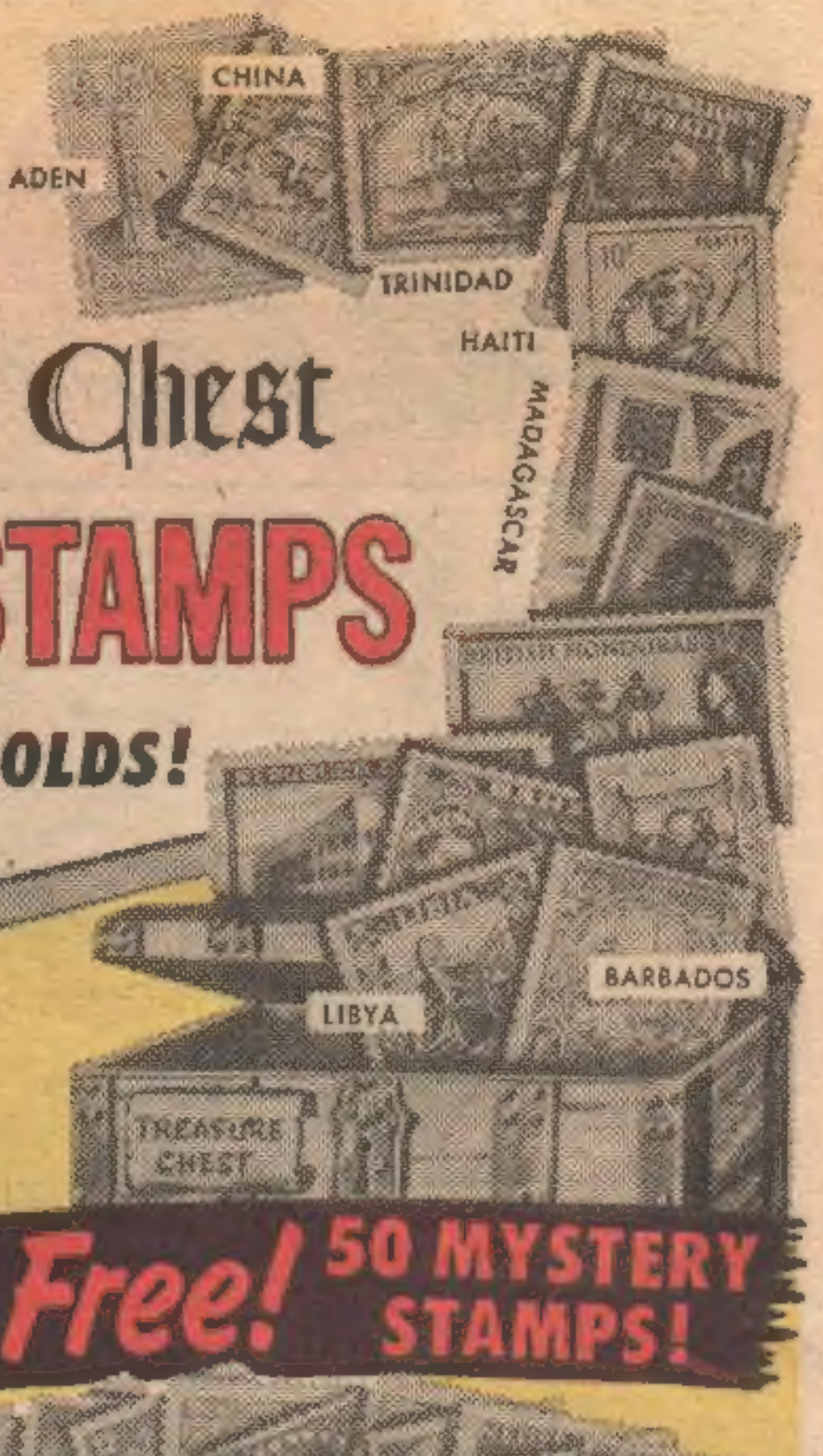

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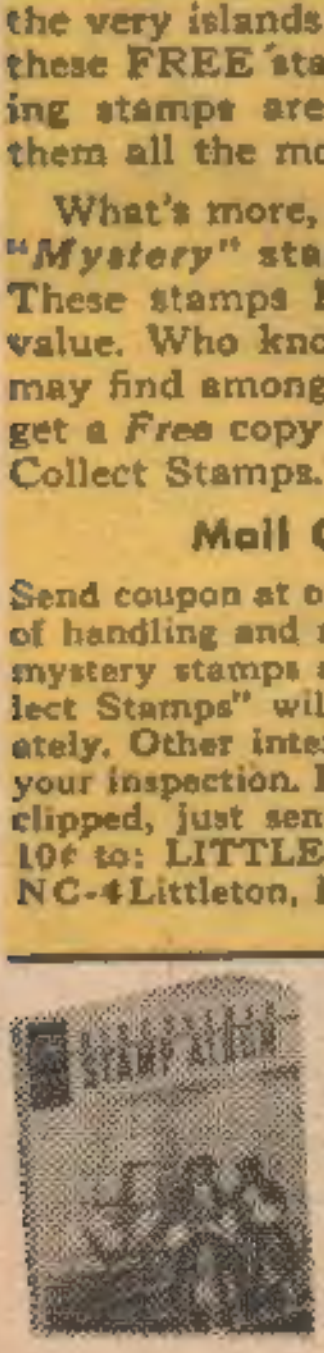

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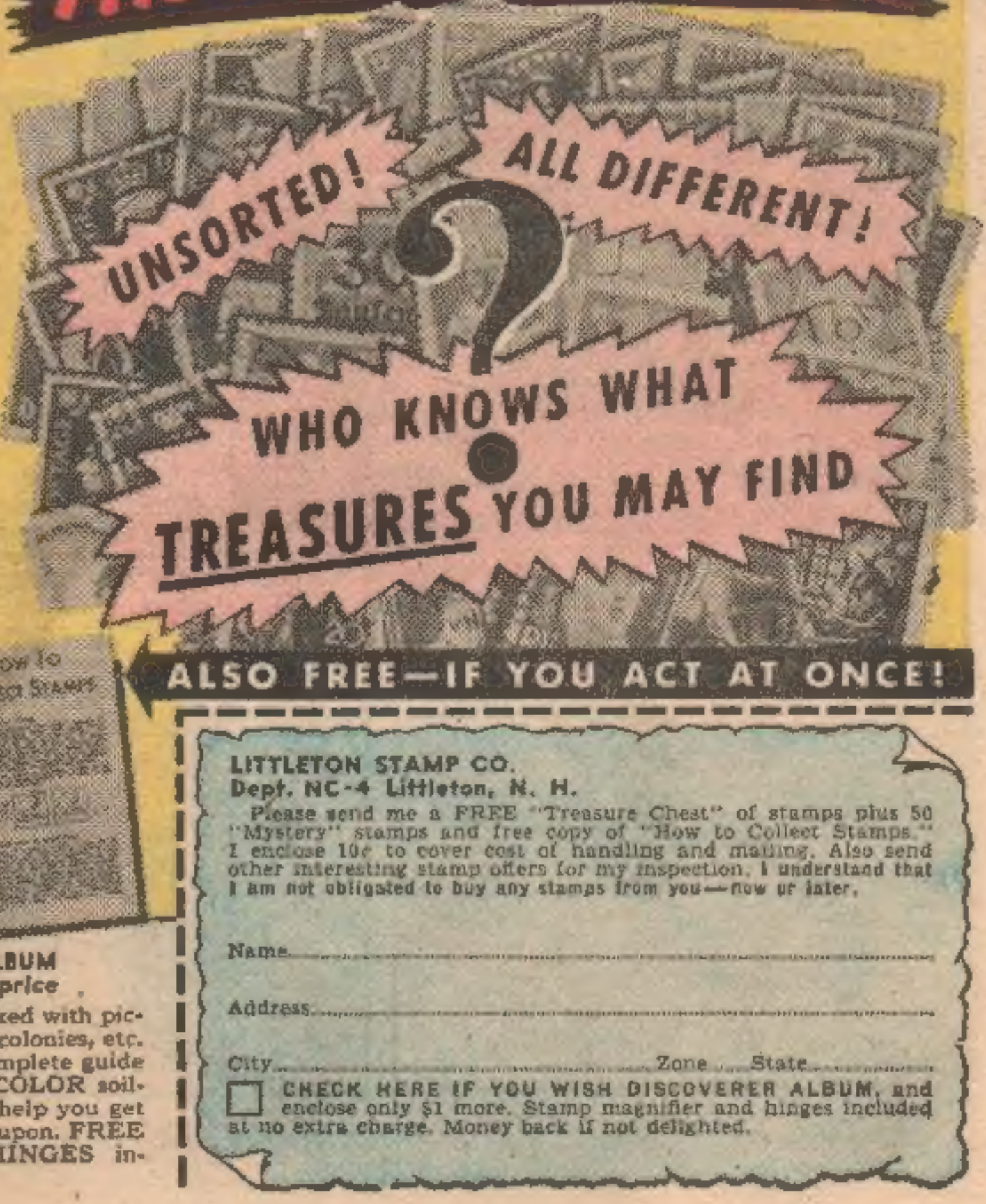

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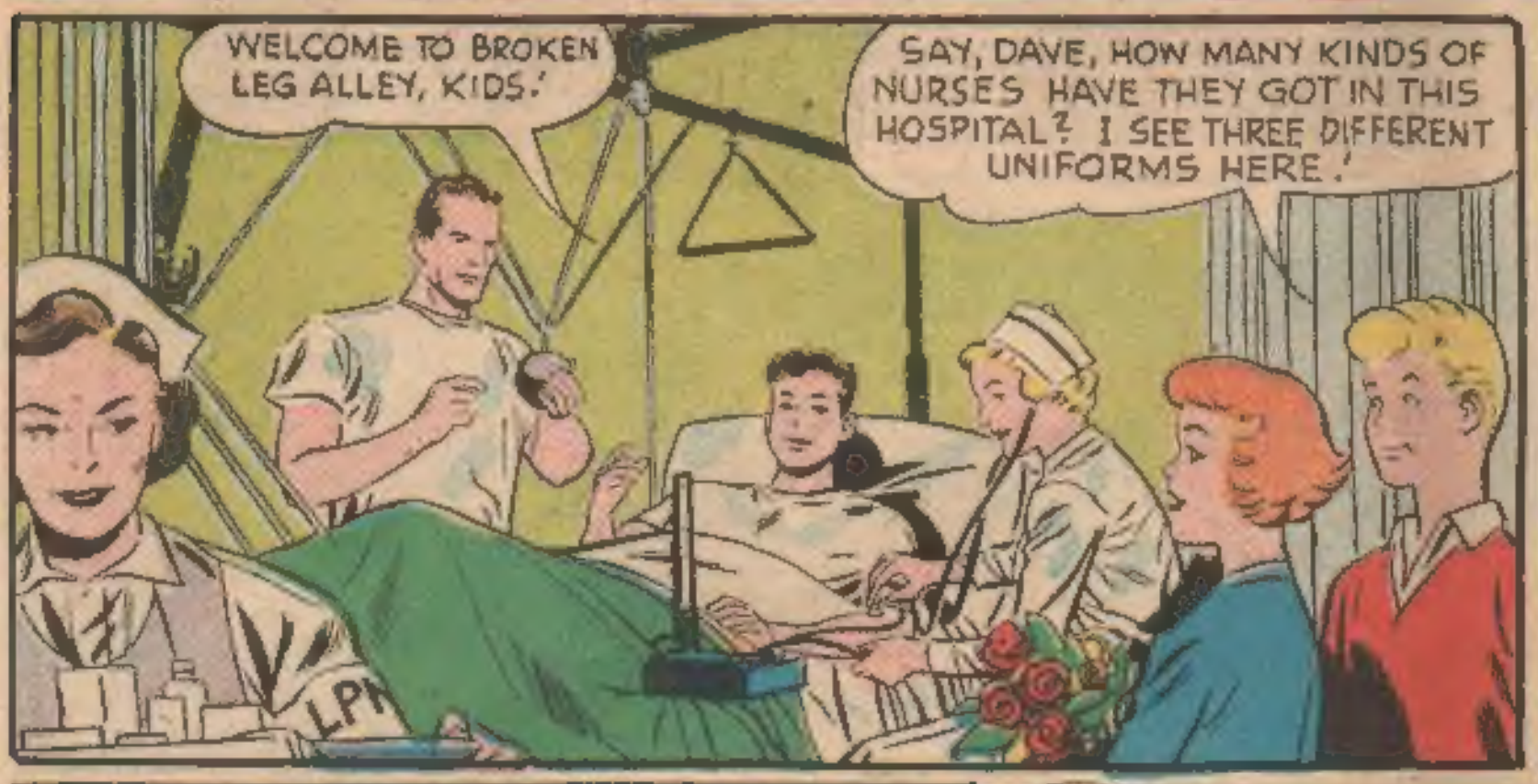
BILLY learns about CAREERS in NURSING


WELCOME TO BROKEN LEG ALLEY, KIDS.'
SAY, DAVE, HOW MANY KINDS OF NURSES HAVE THEY GOT IN THIS HOSPITAL? I SEE THREE DIFFERENT UNIFORMS HERE.'
LPN

"I WAS A MEDICAL CORPSMAN IN THE WAR. IT WAS PRETTY RUGGED, BUT I HELPED TO SAVE A LOT OF LIVES AND DECIDED IT WAS THE CAREER FOR ME. SO AFTER THE WAR, I TOOK A 3-YEAR COURSE AND BECAME A REGISTERED NURSE, SPECIALIZING IN CARE OF MEN."

"MY HIGH SCHOOL CLUB DID VOLUNTEER WORK AT OUR TOWN'S HOSPITAL. I LEARNED A LOT WATCHING THE STUDENT NURSES AND FOUND I LOVED TAKING CARE OF PEOPLE.
"AFTER A 4-YEAR COLLEGE NURSING COURSE, I BECAME A REGISTERED NURSE. I'M GETTING MARRIED NEXT YEAR, BUT I'LL STILL KEEP ON WITH MY CAREER."

WE HAD A BIG FAMILY, AND I WANTED TO BE SELF SUPPORTING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. I KNEW ABOUT THE SHORTAGE OF NURSES, AND TOOK A 1-YEAR COURSE TO BECOME A LICENSED PRACTICAL NURSE. I LOVE IT BECAUSE I CAN HELP SICK, DISCOURAGED PEOPLE FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE."

SO-LONG, TEAM.'
I KNOW YOU'RE JOKING, DAVE, BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE ARE--A TEAM, WITH EACH ONE DOING HIS JOB AT HELPING FOLKS GET WELL.'

PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH THE NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE ASSEMBLY, COORDINATING ORGANIZATION FOR NATIONAL HEALTH, WELFARE AND RECREATION AGENCIES OF THE U. S.

The GREATEST THRILL ON EARTH!

WHAT WOULD BE THE MOST SENSATIONAL THRILL IN THE WORLD? WOULD IT BE BREAKING THE SOUND-BARRIER IN A PLANE; OR FACING A MADDENED ELEPHANTS' CHARGE, OR DIVING TO THE DEEPEST SEA-BOTTOM--OR WHAT? WEBB JACKSON HAD TO FIND THAT THRILL WITHIN 24 HOURS--FOR THE PROTECTION OF EVERYONE ON EARTH!

DO YOU CALL GOING OVER NIAGARA FALLS A THRILL? IT'S PRETTY TAME--FOR ME!

WEBB JACKSON, ACE TV NEWS-CAMERA-MAN, GETS A PHONE-CALL TIP...

--AND HE CLAIMS HE SAW A STRANGE TYPE OF AIRCRAFT LANDING NORTH OF ROCK POINT.'

PROBABLY ANOTHER FLYING-SAUCER HOAX—BUT I'D BETTER CHECK IT!

LATER, AS JACKSON'S SPECIAL PLANE SWOOPS OVER A LONELY STRETCH OF COAST...

THERE IT IS--AND IT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF AN INTERPLANET-ARY STORY!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

WHEN JACKSON LANDS NEARBY, HIS SHOCKED AMAZEMENT DEEPENS.!

THAT MUST BE THE SPACESHIP'S PILOT.! HE LOOKS FRIENDLY-- BUT WHAT'S THAT STRANGE OBJECT HE'S SETTING UP?

I AM KARAKAL-- TRAVELER FROM A FAR STAR SYSTEM.! DO YOU RECEIVE MY THOUGHT-PROJECTION?

Y-YES.! I'M WEBB JACKSON--AND GREET YOU IN THE NAME OF EARTH.! WHAT IS YOUR PURPOSE HERE?

I AM AN ADVENTURER, ROAMING THE UNIVERSE IN SEARCH OF THE GREATEST THRILLS I CAN FIND.! YOUR PLANET WILL GIVE ME A COLOSSAL ONE--FOR THIS ZETA-RAY POWER PROJECTOR I HAVE SET UP--

"...WILL SPIN THIS WORLD FASTER AND FASTER, UNTIL IT BECOMES A HIGH SPEED MERRY-GO-ROUND PLANET--WONDERFULLY EXCITING.!"

NO, NO--THAT WOULD DESTROY OUR CITIES, CAUSE RUIN AND HAVOC.! I'LL STOP YOU--OOF.!--

MY PROTECTIVE FORCE-BUBBLE MAKES ME INVULNERABLE TO ATTACK.! THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLEASURE.!

AFTER DESPERATE BUT FUTILE ATTEMPTS...

IT'S TRUE--I CAN'T STOP HIM.! AND YET IF I DON'T, EARTH WILL BE WRECKED.! WHAT SHALL I DO?

MYSTERY IN SPACE

SUDDENLY, AN IDEA BORN OF DESPERATION...

SUPPOSE I COULD SHOW YOU, RIGHT NOW, BIGGER AND MORE DANGEROUS THRILLS THAN THE ONE YOU PLAN? WOULD YOU GIVE UP THE IDEA OF ROTATING THE EARTH?

YOU INTEREST ME--

IF WITHIN 24 HOURS YOU CAN GIVE ME AN OUTSTANDING THRILL, I'LL ABANDON MY PLAN TO SPIN EARTH!

NOW I'VE GOT TO MAKE GOOD! WHAT SHALL I SUGGEST FIRST? I KNOW--

KARAKAL'S SLEEK LITTLE SPACE-CRAFT TRANSPORTS THEM SWIFTER THAN ANY PLANE, TO NIAGARA FALLS...

GOING OVER THESE FALLS IN A BARREL HAS ALWAYS BEEN A BIG THRILL TO WE EARTHMEN--AND THIS BARREL OF TRANSPARENT PLASTIC LET'S US GET THE FULL EFFECT!

AFTER THE 167-FOOT WATER DROP, THE DUO RETURNS TO THE SPACESHIP...

THAT WAS A NICE LITTLE WATER-FALL--BUT IT CAN HARDLY MATCH MY RIDE ON THE ***GIANT GEYSER OF SATURN!*** LET ME SHOW YOU THE FILMS I TOOK--

"...WITH MY DETACHED PARABOLIC-VIEW CAMERAS!"

--AND THEN AS THE GEYSER ABRUPTLY SUBSIDED, MY SHIP PLUMMETED DOWN AGAIN! ***THAT*** WAS A THRILL!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

RACING DESPERATELY AGAINST TIME, JACKSON MAKES HIS NEXT THRILL A BIGGER ONE.'

THIS IS ONE OF EARTH'S LARGEST VOLCANOES -- IN FULL ERUPT.ON!

TOO MILD -- NOTHING COMPARED TO MY LANDING ON THE FLAME-WORLD OF *ALTHAR!*

AGAIN KARAKAL SHOWS JACKSON A PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD...

ON *ALTHAR*, EVEN THE INHABITANTS ARE FLAME-BEINGS! MY INVULNERABLE PROTECTIVE BUBBLE WAS ALL THAT KEPT ME ALIVE.'

YES -- A MERE VOLCANO WOULD BE TAME BESIDE THAT!'

BUT WEBB JACKSON CAN'T GIVE UP! SO...

HOW'S THIS FOR A THRILL -- A STRATOSPHERIC POWER-DIVE IN OUR FASTEST SUPERSONIC JET-PLANE?

WELL, WHEN YOU'VE SHOT A VORTEX NEBULA, AS I HAVE --

"... A MERE POWER-DIVING PLANE IS DULL COMPARED TO *THAT!*"

THEN, RISKING THE DANGERS OF THE OCEAN DEPTHS...

THIS STROLL AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR EARTH OCEAN HAS BEEN INFORMATIVE --

BUT, AS YOU SEE, IT DOESN'T MATCH THE THRILLS OF THE *WATER WORLD*, WHERE THE NATIVES HUNT INTRUDERS WITH SHARK-DOGS!

YES -- I SEE!

WHAT IS THERE LEFT TO SHOW HIM?

MYSTERY IN SPACE

AS THE HANDS OF THE CLOCK CREEP INEXORABLY ONWARD, JACKSON CONFERS WITH TOP GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS...

SINCE THE FORCE-FIELD THIS ALIEN HAS PLACED AROUND HIMSELF MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE TO SUBDUE HIM BY FORCE--WE'VE NO CHOICE BUT TO GRANT YOUR REQUEST, MR. JACKSON!

THANKS! I THINK THIS WILL DO IT!

AND BEFORE THE THRILL-SEEKING EYES OF THE VISITOR FROM SPACE, MAN'S MOST AWESOME POWER IS UNVEILED!

YOU MUST REALIZE HOW UNUSUAL IT IS FOR ANY OUTSIDER TO WITNESS AN H-BOMB DEMONSTRATION!

I'M HONORED--BUT NOT EXCITED!

ONCE MORE KARAKAL'S FILM COLLECTION OF THRILLS TOPS JACKSON'S SHOW...

SINCE I'VE WITNESSED THE NOVA-EXPLOSION OF A *STAR* FROM CLOSE AT HAND, A LITTLE MAN-MADE POP LIKE YOUR H-BOMB SEEMS INSIGNIFICANT!

I'M AFRAID YOU'VE FAILED TO DELIVER THE THRILL YOU PROMISED ME--AND YOUR 24-HOURS ARE ALMOST UP! I'M RETURNING TO MY ORIGINAL PLAN!

I'VE FAILED--EARTH WILL BE RUINED--

ONCE MORE, IN A CONVENIENT OPEN SPACE, KARAKEL SETS UP HIS OMINOUS MACHINE...

PLEASE--YOU MUST RECONSIDER--

I'VE GOT TO HAVE *SOME* THRILL FROM MY VISIT TO THIS WORLD! AND MAKING THIS A PLANETARY MERRY-GO-ROUND WILL DO IT--THERE, I'M ALMOST READY!

NO... NOT YET! THE 24 HOURS AREN'T QUITE UP YET!

A FEW MINUTES AREN'T GOING TO HELP YOU ANY! BUT--WHAT'S THAT STRANGE DARKNESS COMING UP SO SUDDENLY?

MYSTERY IN SPACE

THAT MIGHTY SOUND--AND THOSE STRANGE LIGHT FLASHES--!

IT'S ONLY A SUMMER THUNDER-STORM!

IF I CAN GET INTO HIS SHIP AND START IT, I CAN USE IT TO RAM AND DESTROY THAT PROJECTOR!

AND AS THE SUMMER STORM BREAKS IN FULL FURY...

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN--HE TURNS ON AN INVULNERABLE FORCE-FIELD AROUND HIS **SHIP** WHEN HE LEAVES IT! I CAN'T GET INSIDE--

I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THIS--APPARENTLY ONLY THIS PLANET IN ALL SPACE HAS THE KIND OF ATMOSPHERE THAT MAKES SUCH STORMS POSSIBLE!

THE 24 HOURS ARE UP! HE'LL START EARTH SPINNING...

BOOM! BOOM!

BUT AS THE STORM-CENTER HITS THEM...

THOSE TERRIBLE FLASHES *DESTROY* WHAT THEY HIT--AND I CAN'T STAND THE STUNNING SOUND THAT ACCOMPANIES THEM! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE--

BOOM!

YOU MEAN--YOU'RE LEAVING EARTH WITHOUT YOUR THRILL?

I'VE HAD IT! THIS FEARFUL THING YOU CALL "*THUNDER-STORM*" HAS GIVEN ME MORE THRILLS THAN I *WANT*! GOOD-BYE!

WHAT A RELIEF! HE SAID HE HAD ENOUGH THRILLS ON EARTH TO LAST HIM A LIFETIME! AN ORDINARY THUNDER-STORM--BUT IT SAVED THE WORLD!

THE END

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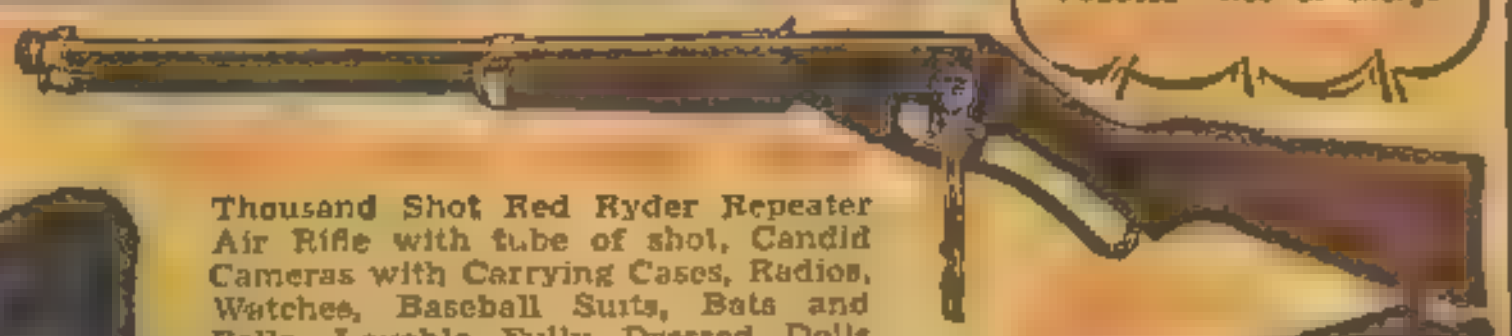

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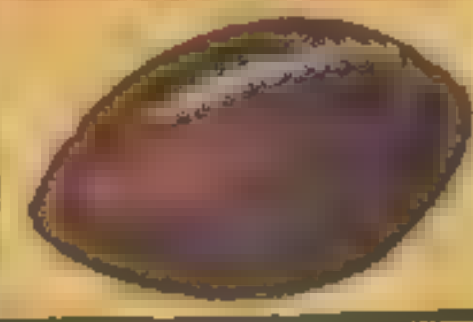
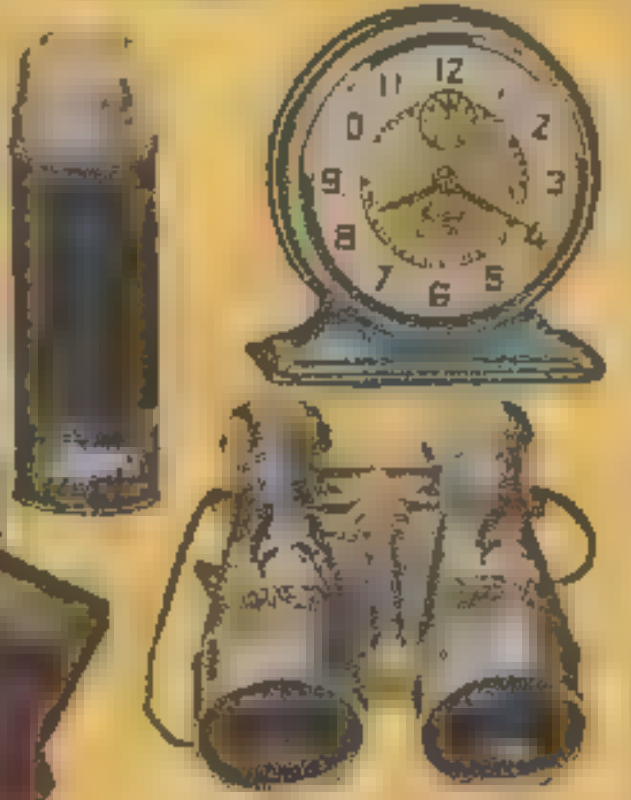
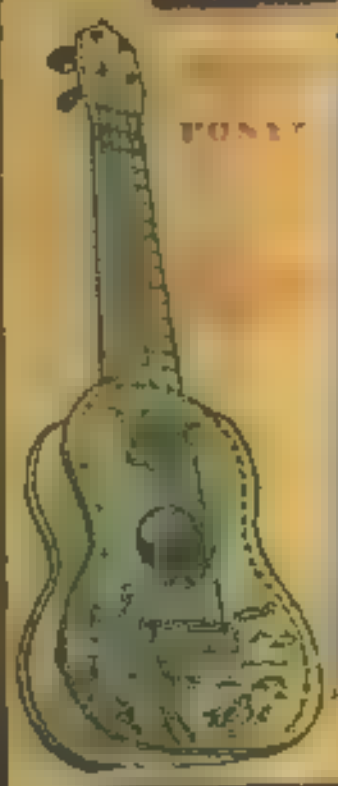


Here is a long list of many valuable Premiums or Cash Commissions all given: Field Glasses, Electric Cookers, Axe and Knife Sets, Rings, Roy Rogers Flash Cameras, Gold Toned Pen and Pencil Sets, Electric Woodburning Sets, 5 Pc. Pen and Pencil Sets, Aluminum Ware, Toasters, Clocks, Scooters, Ukuleles, Bibles, School Bags, Pencils Jewelry of all kinds, Baseball Uniforms, Bats and Balls Footballs, Bingo Games, Telescopes (sent postage paid) and so many other Premiums or Cash Commissions shown in our Big Catalog you get FREE when you receive your first order postage paid by us.





Many Premiums or Cash Commissions easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable.

A thrilling collection of 15 puzzles — 15 riddles. All real stumpers but easy when you know how — and we give you all the answers. Mail coupon.

Wilson Chem Co., Dept. 113-4, Tyrone, Pa DATE . . . .

Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35¢ a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start. Be sure to send my "FREE PUZZLES".

....

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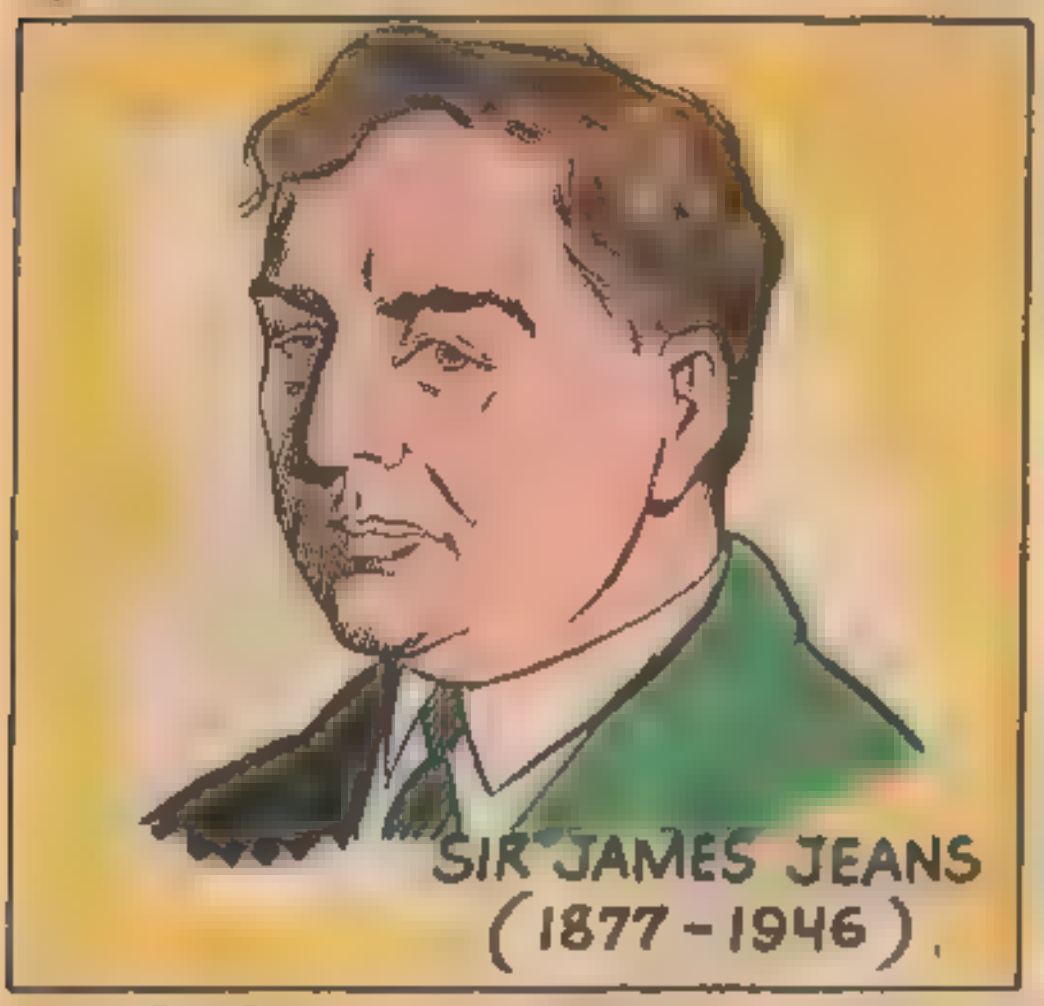
Print LAST Name Here

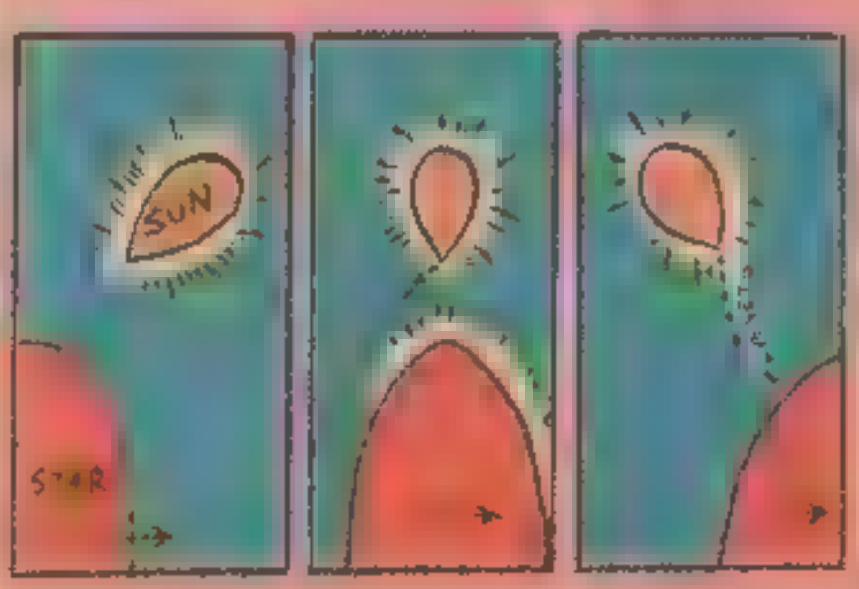
Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

GIANTS of the TELESCOPE



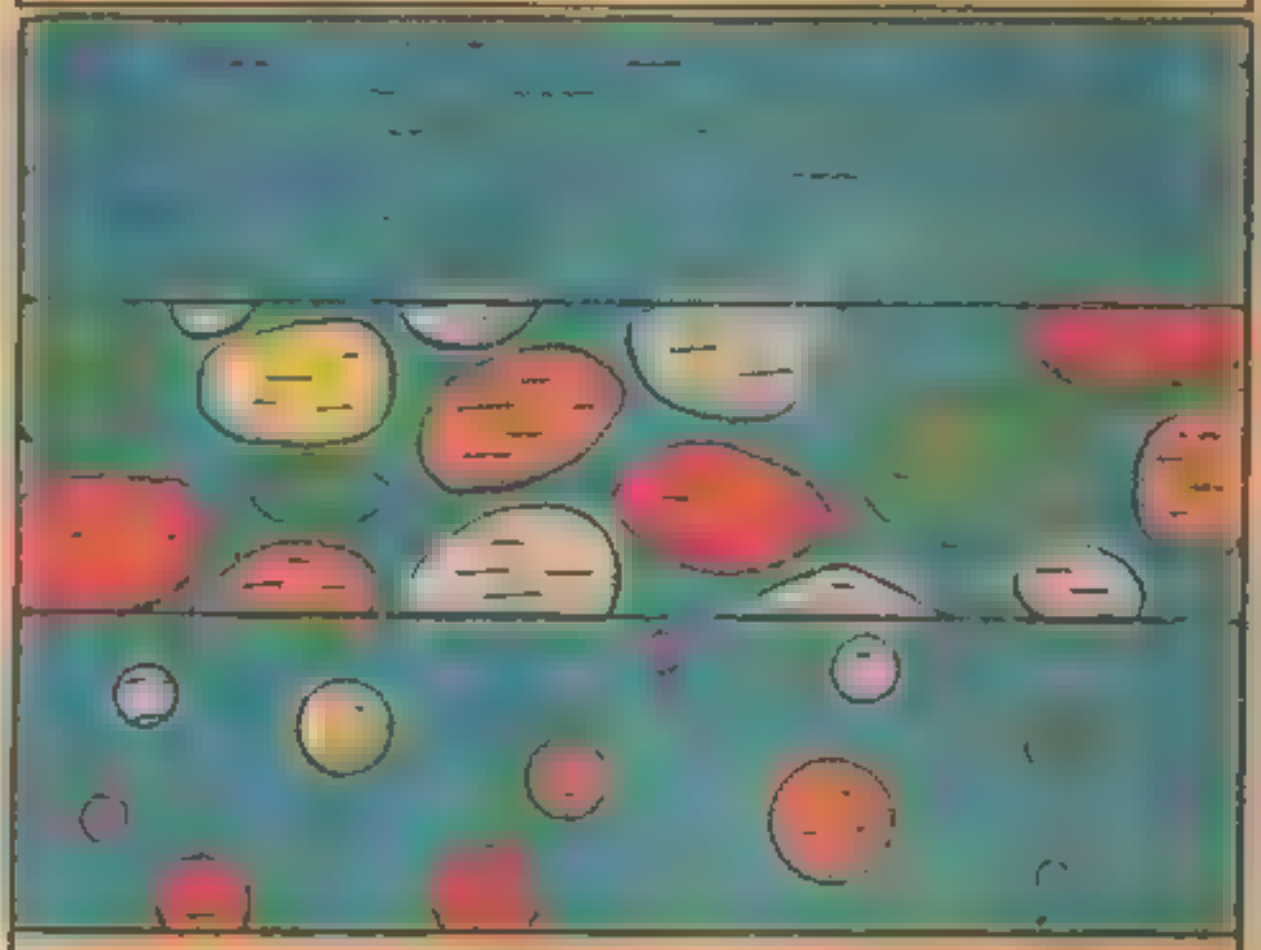
ACCORDING TO JEANS THE VARIOUS TYPES OF GALAXIES CAN BE ARRANGED IN A REGULAR SEQUENCE OF EVOLUTION—FROM SPHERICAL TO ELLIPTICAL, TO TRANSITIONAL, TO CLOSED SPIRAL, TO OPENED SPIRAL...

THIS FAMOUS ENGLISH ASTRONOMER ATTRIBUTED THE CREATION OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM TO A STAR PASSING RELATIVELY CLOSE TO THE SUN (*A PHENOMENON THAT OCCURS ONLY ONCE EVERY 500 THOUSAND MILLION MILLION YEARS*), THE GRAVITATIONAL ATTRACTION OF WHICH RAISED GIANT TIDES ON THE SURFACE OF THE SUN. IN TIME, THE GASEOUS FILAMENTS EMITTED BY THE SUN CONDENSED INTO THE PLANETS.



JEANS' "CIGAR-SHAPED SOLAR SYSTEM"

SIR JAMES JEANS DEMONSTRATED THAT THE GRAVITATIONAL INSTABILITY OF A GASEOUS MASS IN SPACE COULD DEVELOP INTO A ***SPIRAL NEBULA*** WHICH IN TURN COULD LEAD TO THE FORMATION OF STARS...

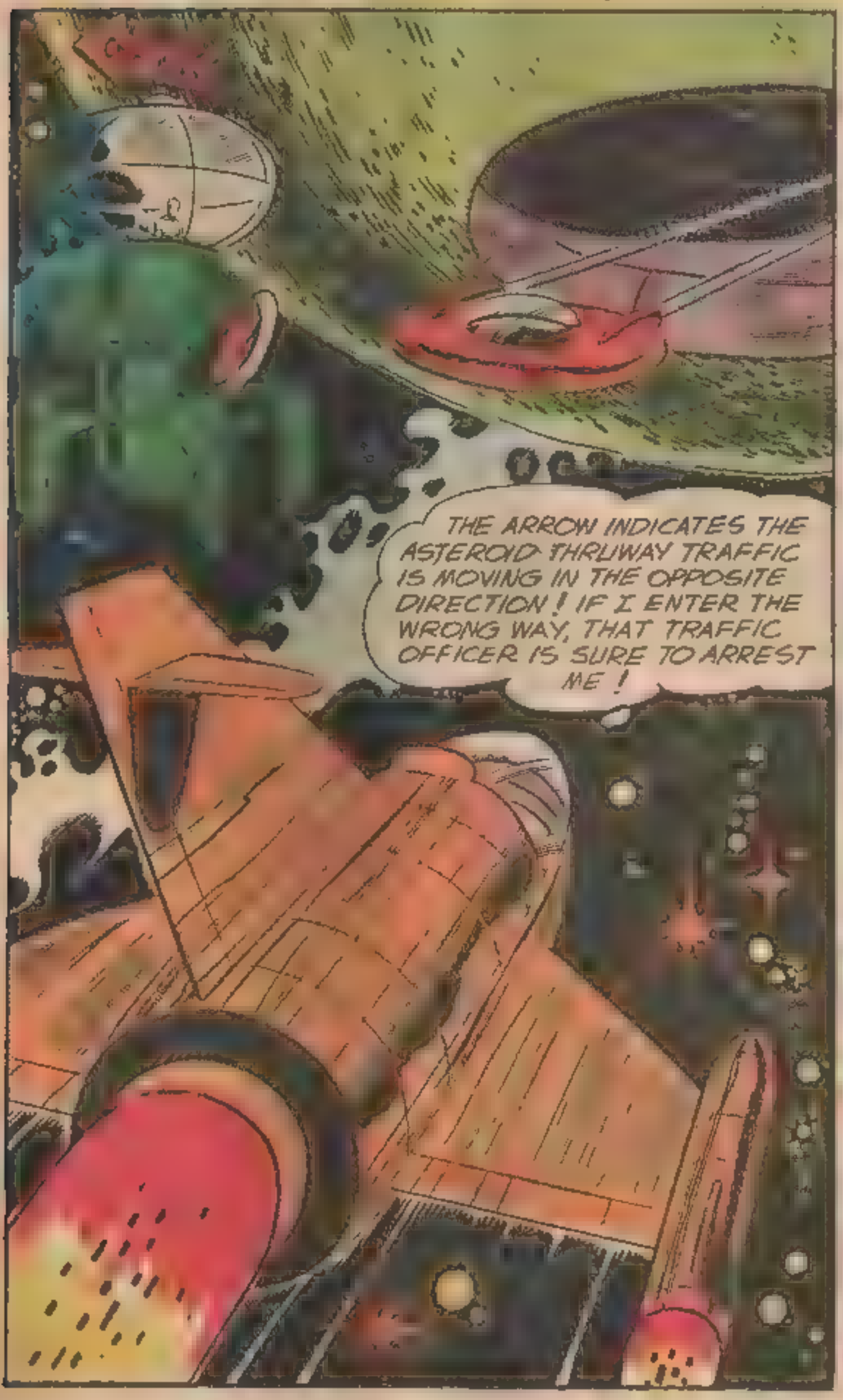


FORMATION OF SEPARATE STARS FROM A GAS...

INVESTIGATIONS BY JEANS SHOWED THAT A STAR'S GRADUAL INCREASE IN ROTATIONAL SPEED IS DUE TO THE CONTRACTION OF THE STAR, AND THAT EVENTUALLY THE CONTRACTING STAR WILL SPLIT IN TWO AND FORM A DOUBLE STAR...

ONE-WAY RIDE to ETERNITY!

IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE BEEN DRIVING A SPACE-CAB, I'VE NEVER BROKEN A SINGLE TRAFFIC LAW OF SPACE! THEN AN UNUSUAL SET OF CIRCUMSTANCES FORCES ME INTO A TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT WHERE MY LIFE DEPENDS ON MY BREAKING A LAW AND GETTING ARRESTED! BUT NO MATTER HOW MANY LAWS I SUCCEED IN BREAKING, I JUST CAN'T GET ARRESTED!


THE ARROW INDICATES THE ASTEROID THRUWAY TRAFFIC IS MOVING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION! IF I ENTER THE WRONG WAY, THAT TRAFFIC OFFICER IS SURE TO ARREST ME!

WHEN I'M CRUISING FOR FARES ON EARTH, NO RIVAL CABBY HAS A CHANCE WHEN I HEAR THE FAMILIAR CRY...
TAXI... SPACE-TAXI!
YES, SIR... AT YOUR SERVICE!
I LOOK FORWARD TO A PLEASANT TRIP, WHEN SUDDENLY...
JET IT UP, CABBY! YOU'RE GOING TO GET ME SAFELY OUT OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM WITH MY LOOT!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

YOU'LL BE MY "FRONT" UNTIL WE PASS PLUTO, THE LAST PLANET, WHERE I'LL BE SAFE FROM THE IPPY! *

* EDITOR'S NOTE: IPPY... SPACE-SLANG FOR INTERPLANETARY POLICE!

AFTER WE PASS PLUTO, I'LL CONTINUE ON TO ALPHA CENTAURI... ALONE! DON'T TRY SIGNALLING THE IPPY ON THE WAY OR MY RAY-GUN GOES OFF, SEE?

ALL TOO CLEARLY!

TAXI

I PASS SPACE-POLICE WHO ARE OLD FRIENDS--BUT WITH THAT CROOK LISTENING TO MY RADIO

HI, CABBY! HAVING A GOOD TRIP?

UH... FINE, OFFICER... JUST FINE!

I CAN'T TELL HIM THIS IS MY LAST TRIP...!

PASSING MARS, MY THOUGHTS ARE WHIRLING FASTER THAN A SPACE-HURRICANE, AND I GET A BRILLIANT IDEA!

ONLY WAY TO GET AN IPPY ON MY TAIL IS TO BREAK SPACE-TRAFFIC LAWS! IF I COULD EXCEED THE SPEED LIMIT WITHOUT THE CROOK SUSPECTING... AH! THAT MAGNETIC METEOR WILL DO IT!

ORDINARILY, I STEER CLEAR OF MAGNETIC METEORS, BUT THIS TIME I DRIVE CLOSE UNTIL..

THE MAGNETIC METEOR'S PULLING MY METALLIC SHIP FASTER THAN THE SPEED LIMIT! THE CROOK ISN'T SUSPICIOUS BECAUSE I DIDN'T GUN MY MOTOR! HERE COMES AN IPPY TO ARREST ME...

SPEED LIMIT 1000 MILES A SECOND!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

BUT INSTEAD OF MY CAB, THE PATROL OFFICER CHASES THE METEOR!

I'LL BLAST THIS MENACE TO SHIPS! IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT THAT THE METEOR DRAGGED YOU TOO FAST, CABBY! NO TICKET! GUESS YOU'RE GLAD, EH?

YEAH... I'M AS "GLAD" AS A VENUSIAN FISHMAN STRANDED ON THE WATERLESS WORLD!

THERE HE GOES--AND MY CHANCE OF GETTING ARRESTED SO HE'D FIND THE CROOK IN MY CAB! I'LL HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE!

NEARING JUPITER, MY HOPES SHOOT UP AGAIN LIKE A THERMOMETER STUCK IN THE SUN, WHEN I SEE AHEAD OF ME--

IF I GO THE WRONG WAY AGAINST TRAFFIC, I'LL BE HAULED IN FOR SURE!

BUT JUST AS I'M READY TO ZOOM INTO THE ONE-WAY TUNNEL...

SWITCH-OVER TIME! PASS THROUGH, CABBY!

TOUGH LUCK AGAIN! I'M NOT BREAKING THE LAW!

THEN, AHEAD OF ME, I SPOT SOMETHING THAT CAN'T FAIL!

ONLY ARMORED SHIPS CARRYING GOLD ARE ALLOWED TO GET WITHIN 50 MILES OF SPACE-FORT KNOX! IF I CRUISE CLOSER, THEY'LL THINK I'M GOING TO ROB IT!

SPACE-FORT KNOX OFF LIMITS... BY ORDER OF INTERPLANETARY POLICE!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

BUT NO SIRENS SCREAM.. NO SQUAD SHIPS COME ROARING.., NO POLICE SHOW UP AT ALL!

FAILED AGAIN!

CLOSED! MOVED TO NEW HEADQUARTERS!

ANY OTHER TIME, I'D GET A TICKET JUST FOR FORGETTING TO WIPE METEOR-DUST OFF MY LICENSE PLATE! NOW I'M BREAKING EVERY LAW IN THE UNIVERSE, AND I CAN'T GET PINCHED!

I'M GETTING DESPERATE NOW WITH TIME AND SPACE RUNNING OUT ON ME!

I'M PAST THE OTHER PLANETS! ONCE I REACH PLUTO, THE SPACE-POLICE CAN'T HELP ME ANY MORE! ISN'T THERE SOME LAW I CAN BREAK?

THEN I REMEMBER HOW SMALL THINGS ARE ALWAYS WRONG WITH MY SPACE-CAB...

MY ATOMIC GAS GAUGE IS OFF, ALWAYS READING LOW! BUT THE CROOK DOESN'T KNOW THAT SO...

LOOK, WE NEED GAS!

ALL RIGHT, STOP AT A SPACE-WAY STATION! BUT DON'T TRY TO TIP OFF THE ATTENDANT. UNDERSTAND?

BUT I HAVE A MUCH BETTER IDEA, AFTER I LAND AT A METEOR GAS STATION...

I WON'T SAY A WORD! BUT I'LL SCOOT OFF WITHOUT PAYING! HE'LL SEND THE POLICE AFTER ME! THAT'LL DO IT!

ONLY I HAPPEN TO PICK THE LATEST TYPE SERVICE STATION, EQUIPPED WITH A NEW DEVICE..

15 CREDITS, SIR--AND YOUR CAB WILL BE RELEASED!

A GIANT CLAMP HOLDING MY CAB.. I CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT PAYING! GUESS THEY HAD TOO MUCH TROUBLE WITH DEADBEATS BEFORE!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

SOON, MY HEART SINKS AS I TAKE A LOOK AT MY SPEEDOMETER-- AND TRY TO HIDE IT...

GET YOUR HAND OFF THE SPEEDOMETER! LET ME SEE WHAT IT READS!

IT REVEALS MY DOOM!

3,600,000,000 MILES! WE'RE PAST THE ORBIT OF PLUTO! I'M SAFE FROM THE IPPY! HERE'S WHERE YOU GET OUT AND "WALK" HOME, CABBY... THROUGH EMPTY SPACE!

LIKE A CONDEMNED PRISONER, I ASK FOR ONE LAST REQUEST...

I'M CURIOUS TO SEE THE LOOT YOU'RE GETTING AWAY WITH!

SURE, WHY NOT? SEE...THE BIGGEST DIAMOND EVER FOUND! IT'LL BE WORTH A FORTUNE WHEN CUT INTO SMALL GEMS!

THEN HE ASKS ME TO DISCARD THE BOX, AND I SEE A RAY OF HOPE..

ALL CABS HAVE THIS CHUTE FOR DROPPING MAIL AND PACKAGES OFF AT SPACE-POST OFFICES! WILL MY RUSE WORK?

FOR ONCE LUCK IS WITH ME... IN THE FORM OF A POLICE CRUISER...

SCOOP THE CAB INTO OUR SHIP...THAT CABBY IS UNDER ARREST!

RECOGNIZED AND HANDCUFFED BY THE SPACE-POLICE, THE CROOK PROTESTS...

I KNOW MY RIGHTS--YOU CAN'T ARREST ME! WE WERE BEYOND PLUTO, WHERE YOU HAVE NO AUTHORITY!

THAT'S WHERE YOU MADE YOUR MISTAKE, YOU CROOK!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

YOU SEE, I REMEMBERED THAT MY SPEEDOMETER IS OFF! IT RUNS FAST--AND REGISTERS TOO MANY MILES! WE ARE STILL WELL WITHIN THE ORBIT OF PLUTO!

THEN I GAVE HIM MY REAL CLINCHER!

SPACE-LAW Z-14, CODE X-9 STATES--"UNLAWFUL TO THROW REFUSE INTO SPACE, ENDANGERING OTHER SHIPS!" THAT'S WHAT BROUGHT THE POLICE... THIS BOX OF YOURS I THREW OUT!

NATURALLY, OFFICER, YOU WON'T GIVE ME A TICKET FOR THROWING OUT REFUSE, SINCE IT LED TO THE CAPTURE OF THAT CROOK!

RIGHT, CABBY! BUT I'M TICKETING YOU FOR *SOMETHING ELSE!*

GREAT SOL! WHEN I DESPERATELY WANTED TO GET ARRESTED, I COULDN'T! NOW I'M STUCK WITH A FINE -- JUST WHEN I DON'T WANT IT!

SUMMONS to TRAFFIC COURT! ERROR in SPEEDOMETER OVERCHARGING FARES!

The End

6

DID YOU ENTER THE SLOGAN CONTEST?

A COMPLETE LIST OF WINNERS WILL APPEAR IN ALL DC COMIC MAGAZINES ON SALE IN MARCH!

"The Line of Steel"

WONDERS of SPACE

EARTH'S TWIN SISTER!

SCIENCE FICTION writers have so popularized Mars as the first planet pioneer spacemen will journey to that many readers mistakenly believe that it is the closest planet to Earth. At its closest approach, the red-hued planet is about 35 million miles from us. Venus in its orbit moves within 25 million miles of Earth, thus making it our closest neighbor in space, with the exception of the moon and an occasional stray asteroid or comet

To an astronomer on one of the outer planets, Venus and Earth would resemble each other so much in size, mass, and other physical features that he would regard them as twin planets. The most obvious look-alike would be the size of the two planets. The mean diameter of Earth is 7,926 miles—that of Venus about 7700 miles.

The reason only an approximate diameter is given for Venus is that astronomers have been unable to determine the exact dimensions of our sister planet. When Venus is measured against a dark sky background, its diameter figures out to be 7800 miles; but when the diameter is measured as Venus crosses the bright face of the sun, a diameter of 7600 miles is obtained The 200 miles difference in diameters is believed due to irradiation (in which the light surface appears to invade the dark); so astronomers compromise the difference and set the diameter at 7700 miles.

Whereas the Earth is not a perfect spherical globe—the diameter from pole to pole is 26 miles less than the diameter along the equator—Venus is just about as perfect a sphere as any planet can be.

When the physical characteristics of Earth are compared to Venus they show more striking resemblances than any other two planets. The mass of Venus is 82.6% that of Earth, while its volume is 92% that of our world. As for Venus's density it is only 5% less than Earth's, and the surface gravity a mere 10% less than ours. Thus a projectile will leave the surface of Venus and fly off into space as soon as its speed reaches 6.3 miles a second, as against the 6.93 miles a second for Earth.

Viewed from Earth, Venus presents a whitish appearance, with the variations of surface brightness indicating a smooth "finish." Obviously our world has never been examined by an Earth astronomer from another planet, but an educated guess suggests that Earth's appearance is blue —due to the reflections from the sky and large water surfaces covering most of our planet

From an equal distance in space both planets would look identical in size, as already noted, but because the snow-white Venus is closer to the sun,it shines, 3 times as bright.

Besides being at times the brightest object in the night sky, silvery Venus can often be spotted in broad daylight if we know precisely what portion of the sky to look for it. To Venusians, Earth is about 6 times as bright as Venus appears to us

Comparatively little is known concerning the surface conditions of Venus—due mainly to the fact that the planet is continuously covered with dense, impenetrable clouds. The Earth as displayed by rocket photographs appears dotted with fleecy cumulus clouds apparently glued to the ground. It should be noted that these photographs were taken in comparatively cloudless areas of Earth. Actually, the clouds hanging over the temperate and polar zones are almost

as impenetrable as those on Venus. When a rift occurs in the clouds, Venusian astronomers probably can see oceans and forests as dull blue; the grasslands and cultivated fields as a pale green hue, and much of the other land areas as red. Large cities and erupting volcanoes would appear as faint, glowing spots on the night side of Earth. In all likelihood, the Venusian can seldom see at any one time more than 1000 square miles of Earth that is completely free of mist or cloud; everything would be visible through a blue atmospheric veil, like a mountain seen by us from a distance of ten miles.

Though we know nothing about the surface of Venus, certain astronomical factors enable us to deduce something about its atmosphere—and it is here that the twin planets show their greatest difference. There are evidently such gases as nitrogen and argon present, but the real surprise is that the stratosphere of Venus contains enough carbon dioxide to make up more than one-third of our atmosphere. As for the all important oxygen and water, no trace of these has been found on Venus. According to a couple of Mt. Wilson observatory astronomers, there could not be more than one yard of oxygen at our sea-level pressure above the clouds of Venus, which means that the planet has less than 1/1,000 the oxygen-atmospheric content of Earth.

Does the absence of oxygen rule out the possibility of any life on Venus? One astronomical writer, V. A. Firsoff, thinks not. "There is no reason," he theorizes, "why an intelligent species comparable to Man should not exist on Venus."

In Firsoff's opinion, it is possible for carbon—the dominating element in Venus's atmosphere—to have been involved in a life-cycle comparable to the terrestrial pyramid of life. He sums up his conclusions with a vision of what Earthmen may very well find when they someday set foot on the surface of Venus . . . "a pale green sky with a very high ceiling of ribbed yellow clouds, through which a large golden sun shimmers dimly. Below is the sea of an unbelievably brilliant blue and islands covered with exuberant, multicolored vegetation. It may be a world of flying creatures, for flight on Venus should be easy."

However, it must be pointed out that the majority of astronomers paint a more pessimistic portrait of life on Venus. The general picture is that of a dusty, lifeless planet, a universal desert, with screaming gales tearing through the dense, choking atmosphere, leveling everything in their path. A temperature above that of boiling water, and the whole scene shrouded by a smothering, fuming carbon-monoxide mantle through which even the fierce rays of the sun cannot penetrate.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF MYSTERY IN SPACE, published Bi-Monthly at Sparta, Illinois for October 1, 1956.

1. The names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, National Comics Publications Inc. 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September 1956.
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public
(Commission expires March 30, 1958.)

21ST CENTURY HERCULES!

AT THE CLOSE OF THE 21ST CENTURY, HERCULES SMITH IS HONORED AS THE GREATEST HERO OF ALL TIME! NEVER BEFORE HAD ANYONE ON EARTH ROLLED UP SUCH A RECORD OF OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENTS! YET HERCULES WAS THE FIRST TO ADMIT HE DIDN'T DESERVE THE WORLD'S PLAUDITS--AFTER ALL, *HE WAS SUPERHUMAN!*

I'VE GOT TO DIVE TO THE VERY CENTER OF THIS *WATER WORLD* TO RESCUE THAT TRAPPED SHIP!

SOS

SOS

ON THEIR WALL-SIZE TELEVISION SCREENS, VIEWERS OF THE YEAR 2099 EAGERLY TUNE IN THE MOST POPULAR PROGRAM OF THE TIME...

TONIGHT WE ARE HONORING THE GREATEST SPACE HERO OF THE 21ST CENTURY--*HERCULES SMITH*--WHO HAS SPENT A LIFETIME PIONEERING AMONG THE PLANETS!

Meet the SPACE HERO! SPONSORED BY SPACEMOBIL

LIKE THE MYTHOLOGICAL HERCULES, HIS FEATS OF THE LAST 50 YEARS ARE ALMOST LEGENDARY! NOW, THROUGH THE MAGIC OF 3-D KINESCOPE, HIS MOST OUTSTANDING DEEDS WILL BE RE-ENACTED FOR YOUR EYES!

3-D KINESCOPE

MYSTERY IN SPACE

"IN 2049, YOU--HERCULES SMITH--PILOTED THE FIRST SPACESHIP TO THE MOON..."

BUT, MOTHER! HOW CAN HERCULES SMITH LOOK AS YOUNG NOW AS HE DID 50 YEARS AGO?

HUSH, SON, WATCH THE PROGRAM!

MY FLIGHT PLAN IS TO CIRCLE THE MOON WITHOUT LANDING. WILL I DISCOVER ANYTHING NEW ON THE *OTHER SIDE* WHICH IS *NEVER* SEEN FROM EARTH?

"THERE WAS SOMETHING NEW...AND DEADLY!"

A GIGANTIC CRATER EMITTING A LETHAL RADIOACTIVE GLOW! I'LL TAKE PHOTOMAPS OF IT SO FUTURE LUNAR EXPLORERS CAN AVOID IT!

BUT, MOTHER! HOW COULD HERCULES SMITH SURVIVE THE DEADLY GLOW THAT WOULD KILL OTHER MEN?

MAYBE DURING THE PROGRAM, SON, YOU'LL HEAR WHY HERCULES IS SO EXTRAORDINARY!

BACK AT THE STUDIO...

YOUR PIONEERING TRIP TO THE MOON PAVED THE WAY FOR ALL SPACE-TRAVEL, HERCULES, AND MARKED THE START OF YOUR AMAZING CAREER! IT WAS SOON FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER DARING FEAT, AS KINESCOPE WILL NOW SHOW...

"IN 2050, YOU WENT TO THE RESCUE OF AN EXPEDITION LOST ON THE AMAZING *WATER WORLD!*"

SOS! OUR SHIP SANK TO THE CENTER OF THIS WORLD, WHICH IS COMPOSED COMPLETELY OF WATER!

I CAN DIVE 1,000 MILES DEEP WITH THIS *ROCKET FROGMAN* OUTFIT!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

"IN THE CRUSHING DEPTHS OF THE LIQUID PLANET, YOU FREED THE STRANDED SHIP WITH YOUR HERCULEAN STRENGTH!"

HERCULES SMITH FORCED OPEN THE GIANT CLAM THAT CALGHT OUR SHIP! WE'RE SAVED!

IN THE YEAR 2063, YOU PERFORMED AN EVEN GREATER SERVICE TO HUMANITY! THAT WAS WHEN YOU VOLUNTEERED AS TEST PILOT FOR A NEW FASTER-THAN-LIGHT SHIP, AS KINESCOPE WILL NOW SHOW...

KINESCOPE

IN THE LAST CENTURY, EINSTEIN STATED THAT EXCEEDING THE SPEED OF LIGHT WOULD RESULT IN STRANGE PHENOMENA! YOU REALIZE THAT THIS SHIP MAY MEET UNFORESEEN DISASTER!

I MUST MAKE THE ATTEMPT--TO FURTHER EARTH'S KNOWLEDGE!

"COURAGEOUSLY, YOU DROVE BEYOND THE SPEED OF LIGHT INTO THE COSMIC UNKNOWN!"

I'VE BROKEN THROUGH THE *LIGHT BARRIER!* SCIENCE MUST FIND OUT WHAT EFFECT THAT WILL HAVE!

150,000 MILES PER SECOND 186,300 200,000 MPS

"SUDDENLY, EVERYTHING TURNED COMPLETELY BLACK AROUND YOU..."

THE STARS... PLANETS... *VANISHED!* I CAN'T SEE A THING! I'M TRAVELING FASTER THAN LIGHT--MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR LIGHT TO REACH MY EYES! I--I'M *BLIND!*

MYSTERY IN SPACE

"COMPLETELY SIGHTLESS, YOU WERE UNAWARE THAT YOU WERE PLUNGING STRAIGHT TOWARD A DEAD WORLD!"

WHAT—WHAT LIES AHEAD OF ME? I MUST SLOW DOWN BELOW LIGHT-SPEED, IN ORDER TO SEE AGAIN!

"BARELY IN TIME, WHEN YOUR VISION RETURNED..."

I AVOIDED THE CRASH BY THE NARROWEST OF MARGINS! IN MY REPORT, I WILL ADVISE THAT GOING FASTER THAN LIGHT IS UNSAFE!

THE THRILLING FILMS END AND...

HERCULES SMITH, IT WOULD TAKE HOURS TO TELL OF YOUR MANY OTHER SPACE-FEATS! WE HONOR YOU AS THE GREATEST OF *SPACE*-PIONEERS!

BUT I...UH... DON'T REALLY DESERVE YOUR PRAISE, SIR! AFTER ALL, I HAVE *SUPER-HUMAN POWERS!*

WHAT DOES THE SPACE-HERO MEAN? THE ANSWER IS REVEALED WHEN AN ELDERLY SCIENTIST IS NEXT INTRODUCED...

AND NOW WE HAVE A SURPRISE GUEST, HERCULES! SOMEONE YOU KNOW WELL!

PROFESSOR JASON SMITH... MY *CREATOR!*

SPACE HERO! BY SPACEMOBILES

"IT WAS 50 YEARS AGO THAT I PERFECTED MY INTELLIGENT ROBOT, THE *HUMANOID* * *ELECTRONIC ROBOT CONTROLLED UNDER LIFE ENERGY SIMULATION...* WHOSE INITIALS SPELL *HERCULES!*"

I WILL NAME HIM *HERCULES SMITH,* FOR I CONSIDER HIM A MEMBER OF MY FAMILY!

HUMANOID PLASTIC

*EDITOR'S NOTE: *HUMANOID* REFERS TO A ROBOT HUMANLY DISGUISED WITH FLESH-COLORED PLASTICS.'

AFTER THE PROGRAM ENDS...

I GAVE YOU YOUR FREEDOM TO SERVE ALL HUMANITY WITH SUPERHUMAN DEEDS! BUT I HAVE AN EVEN GREATER TASK FOR YOU NOW, HERCULES!

I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK, PROFESSOR!

MYSTERY IN SPACE

BUT UNKNOWN TO THE ROBOT HERO, HE HAS BEEN DUPED BY A SCHEMING IMPOSTOR!

NOBODY SUSPECTED I'M DR. JOEL HENCH, DISGUISED AS JASON SMITH! THE REAL PROFESSOR SMITH IS A PRISONER IN HIS LAB BASEMENT! I NEED THIS ROBOT TO SERVE MY OWN PURPOSES!

SOON, AT PROFESSOR SMITH'S LABORATORY...

AS YOU'VE HEARD, HERCULES, EARTHMEN DARE NOT LAND ON THE ASTEROID CALLED THE ***MENTAL MENACE!*** IT EMITS RADIATIONS WHICH ***DEADEN*** THE HUMAN MIND!

"UNFORTUNATELY, THIS ASTEROID'S ORBIT WILL CROSS WITHIN 50,000 MILES OF EARTH NEXT WEEK AND ITS RADIATIONS WILL DESTROY MILLIONS OF HUMAN MINDS."

OUR MINDS... GOING BLANK...

THE HUMAN MIND IS ELECTRICAL IN NATURE, HERCULES, BUT YOURS IS ACTIVATED BY COSMIC-RAYS, WHICH WILL ENABLE YOU TO LAND ON THE ***MENTAL MENACE WORLD*** WITHOUT HARM!

WHAT SERVICE CAN I PERFORM BY DOING THAT, PROFESSOR?

BRING BACK A SMALL SAMPLE OF THE ASTEROID'S MIND-DEADENING MINERAL! THEN I CAN EXPERIMENT WITH IT TO FIND A WAY TO NULLIFY ITS RAYS BEFORE THEY ENDANGER EARTH!

GLOATING THOUGHTS OF THE BOGUS PROFESSOR ARE HIDDEN FROM THE DEPARTING ROBOT HERO!

ACTUALLY, WHEN HERCULES BRINGS BACK A PIECE OF THE MINERAL, I PLAN TO USE ITS MIND-BLANKING POWERS FOR ***MY OWN ENDS!***

MYSTERY IN SPACE

SOON, AS HERCULES' SHIP APPROACHES THE *MENTAL MENACE WORLD*...

I FEEL NO EFFECTS... I'M SAFE! WHEN I LAND, I'LL DEVISE A SHIELDING TO CUT OFF THE SAMPLE MINERAL'S RAYS!

AFTER DOZENS OF TESTS WITH HERCULES' SCIENTIFIC KIT...

SUCCESS! THIS SPECIAL ALLOY FOIL STOPS THE RADIATIONS THAT DEADEN THE HUMAN MIND! I CAN BRING THIS SAMPLE BACK TO EARTH WITHOUT THERE BEING ANY DANGER OF AFFECTING HUMANS!

WHEN HERCULES RETURNS TO THE LAB, THE IMPOSTOR REVEALS HIMSELF...

YOU'RE DR. JOEL HENCH!

YES--AND I'M GOING TO USE THAT SAMPLE OF THE MINERAL TO DEADEN HUMAN MINDS AND GAIN MASTERY OF THE WORLD! ONLY YOU CAN STOP ME NOW-- BUT I'M GOING TO DESTROY YOUR ROBOT BRAIN!

Y-YOU'RE STILL "*ALIVE*"! BUT HOW-- I'VE BURNED YOUR BRAIN OUT!

ON THE CONTRARY, MY BRAIN HASN'T BEEN TOUCHED AT ALL!

MY ELECTRONIC-BRAIN WAS TOO BIG TO FIT IN MY HEAD, SO PROFESSOR SMITH PLACED IT IN MY CHEST! NOW YOUR RAY-GUN IS EMPTY... I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

LATER...

BY THE WAY, DR. HENCH, I KNEW YOU WERE AN IMPOSTOR BEFORE THE TRIP WHEN YOU SPOKE OF MY BRAIN AND POINTED AT MY *HEAD!* THE REAL PROFESSOR SMITH, MY CREATOR, WOULDN'T HAVE MADE THAT MISTAKE!

AFTER RELEASING THE IMPRISONED PROFESSOR...

I RUSHED ON THE TRIP ANYWAY, SINCE EARTH WAS IN DANGER! NOW WE CAN USE THIS ALLOY TO BUILD A GIANT *SHIELD* IN SPACE AND SAFEGUARD EARTH FROM THE APPROACHING *MENTAL MENACE WORLD!*

HERCULES, I'M PROUD I INVENTED YOU!

THE END

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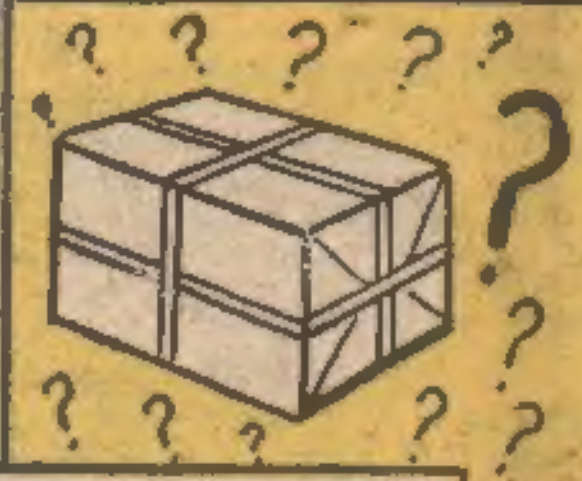

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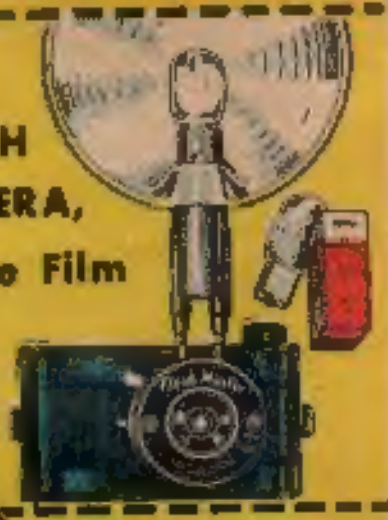

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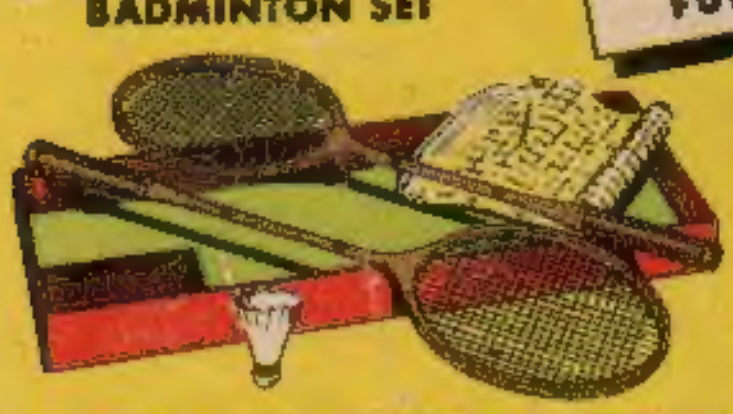

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